

# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

DANGER!  
FOR EXPERIMENT

Deep

IN THE JUNGLES  
OF SOUTH AMERICA  
LURKED AN AWFUL  
MENACE -- A SUPER-  
HUMAN BEING THAT  
THREATENED MANKIND IT-  
SELF! FOR CHILLING, THRILL-  
ING ADVENTURE DON'T MISS  
**"The ANT  
MASTER!"**

THE MONSTER'S  
... LOOSE!

SOUTH AMERICAN  
SOLDIER ANTS

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- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
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Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-ens Air-Cushion Shoes in 150 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Insoles give wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want, then add a special feature like a fur collar or a pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

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### **SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!**

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA 178  
**MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,**  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

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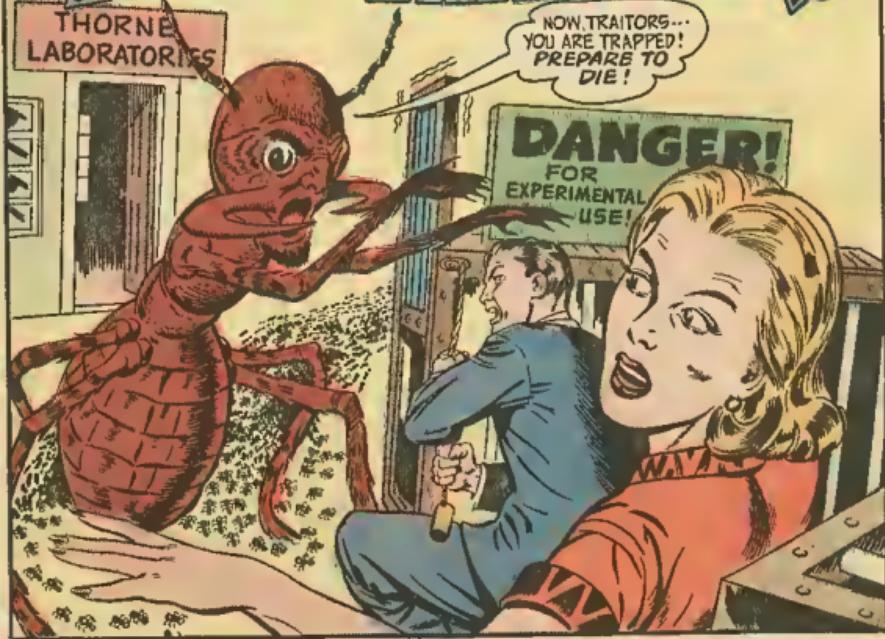
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**MASON SHOE MFG. CO.**  
DEPT. MA 178  
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES, THE DREADED SOLDIER ANTS TRAVEL IN LARGE ARMIES, DEVOURING EVERY LIVING THING IN THEIR PATH! THEIR INTELLIGENCE SEEMS TO COME FROM A SUPERIOR MIND, THROUGH A FORM OF TELEPATHY! HERE IS A GRISLY THEORY THAT MAY EXPLAIN THIS TERRIFYING MYSTERY OF THE INSECT WORLD! IF TRUE, IT COULD MEAN DISASTER FOR MANKIND, AND VICTORY FOR ...

# THE ANT MASTER!



IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES, TWO SCIENTISTS WERE STUDYING THE INSECTS OF THE REGION, WHEN SUDDENLY ...

LOOK, CHICK ... I'VE FOUND A RARE BEETLE THAT ... PROFESSOR THORNE ... SOLDIER ANTS! THEY'LL EAT US ALIVE!

TO THE RIVER ... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

THEY'RE ... BITING ME! HELP!

AS ALIEN EYES WATCHED FROM THE JUNGLE GLOOM ...

HAH! TWO MORE RECRUTTS ... SOON WE SHALL HAVE ENOUGH TO CONQUER ALL MEN!



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WHEN...A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT FELL UPON THE MONSTROUS  
NATCERS...

YES, MASTER! THE BLOOD  
LUST IS IN THEM NOW...  
AS IT IS IN THOUSANDS  
OF OTHERS!

SOME WEEKS LATER...THE SCIENTISTS REACHED  
HOME...

CHICK, DARLING...  
WAS THE EXPEDI-  
TION A SUCCESS?

YOU'LL SEE, PAT...WHEN  
WE SHOW YOU WHAT WE  
BROUGHT BACK!

AT THE THORNE HOME...

UGH! WHAT'RE  
THESE AWFUL  
THINGS, FATHER?

DON'T TOUCH  
THEM...THEY'RE  
SOLDIER  
ANTS!

I... DON'T KNOW WHY I  
BROUGHT THEM BACK...  
IT WAS A STRANGE URGE  
THAT I COULDN'T SEEM  
TO RESIST!

LATER...IN THE LABORATORY...

I'VE DEVELOPED  
A PECULIAR  
FONDNESS  
FOR THE LITTLE  
FELLOWS!

SAME  
HERE BUT...  
I WONDER  
WHY!

AT THAT MOMENT FROM THE REMOTE JUNGLES, CAME A  
WEIRD COMMAND...

...THAT CROSSED THE OCEANS, TO ALL PARTS OF THE  
WORLD!

TO ANT MEN--IT IS TIME FOR YOUR FIRST  
TEST! GO FORTH THIS NIGHT AND TRY  
YOUR NEW POWER! KILL THE HATED  
MORTALS--KILL!

YES, I--HEAR  
IT IN MY  
MIND!

CHICK--THAT  
MESSAGE IS  
MEANT FOR  
US!



WHEN PROFESSOR THORNE, WITH HIS GREATER POWERS OF CONCENTRATION, BEGAN A NIDIOUS TRANSFORMATION...

CHICK-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? MY BODY...

GREAT SCOTT!

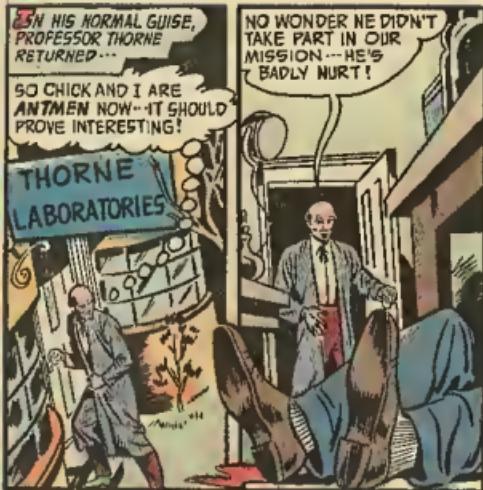
STARTLED, CHICK SPRANG BACK...

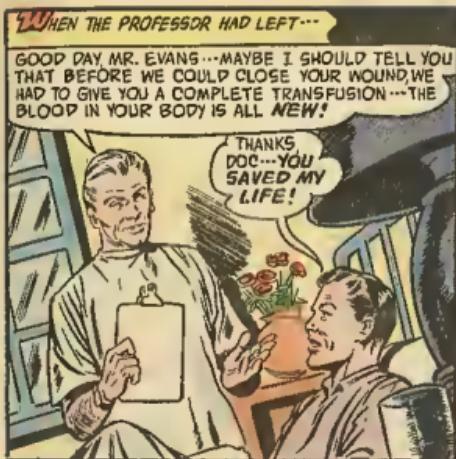
THUD

THE FRIGHTFUL THING THAT HAD BEEN PROFESSOR THORNE LOOKED DOWN WITH THE BLANK EYES OF AN INSECT...

THE HUMAN IN ME WANTS TO HELP HIM... BUT THE URGE TO VENTURE FORTH AND KILL IS TOO STRONG!







A MOMENT LATER THE VOICE OF DOOM ECHOED ACROSS THE VOID...

TONIGHT, LITTLE FRIENDS, I SET YOU FREE--DO YOUR DUTY WELL!

AGAIN IT IS TIME TO PREY ON OUR ENEMIES! VENTURE FORTH--AND KILL!

NO YOU DON'T, PROF--THE SHOW'S OVER!

TRAITOR! DO YOU THINK MERE BULLETS CAN HARM SUCH AS I?

AS THE VILE CREATURE ATTACKED, CHICK RETREATED--INTO THE COURT-YARD...

HURRY, PAT!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH--I MUST KILL YOU BOTH!

SEEMINGLY TRAPPED, CHICK RAISED THE DOOR OF A LARGE CAGE...

AS A ZOOLOGIST, PROFESSOR--YOU SHOULD KNOW THE ANTS' FIERCEST ENEMY!

OUT SPRANG A HORDE OF HIDEOUS LITTLE MONSTERS!

LIKE DEMONS, THEY ATTACKED THEIR NATURAL PREY!

IGUANAS! THEY...HELP!

THE IGUANA IS LEFT OVER FROM THE DINOSAUR AGE! IT LIVES ON INSECTS--ESPECIALLY ANTS!

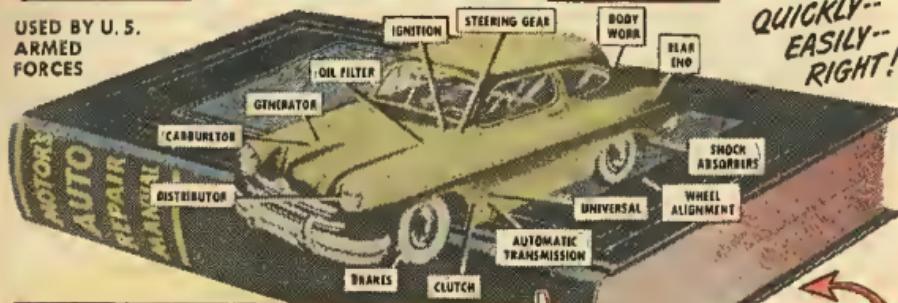
A FEW WEEKS LATER...

DARLING... WHY DID YOU CHOOSE SOUTH AMERICA FOR OUR HONEY MOON?

MY WORK IS NOT YET FINISHED... THROUGH THOSE TELEPATHIC MESSAGES, I CAN TRACE THE ANT MASTER TO HIS LAIR! ONCE THE IGUANAS FINISH HIM, HIS OTHER SLAVES WILL BE FREE OF THEIR MALIGNANT CURSE--AND THE WORLD WILL BE SAVED!

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# Killer's BURIAL

**I**T HAD PROVED an easy job after all, and burying the old phoney would prove easier still. There remained about a ten minute drive to the lonely spot Chuck Rackley had picked in advance. The corpse was lying quite stiff and still in the back seat.

The killer thought it over as the black country road span away behind his fast-moving car. What fools his buddies were, he thought. All the thugs along Broadway knew that old Pinero had a fortune stashed away somewhere in his weird apartment, but because of superstitious hooey nobody had had the guts to take what was for the taking. Except him, Chuck Rackley.

Old Pinero had been a great magician back in the palmy days of vaudeville, and when that profession had folded he, unlike so many others, had actually gone on to even greater success...as a seer, mystic, and fortune teller. But hardly anybody knew of him in his later years, except for those who used his supposed powers of clairvoyance. Rackley had to admit that among the old boy's many customers there had been a great many people from the upper crusts of society.

But Pinero became more and more of a recluse as the years went on, carrying out his peculiar business from a small apartment just off Broadway. He never went out, and fanciful tales about him became rife. As soon as Rackley heard about him he began planning the robbery. It had paid off handsomely, for when he killed the old man he quickly found over \$50,000 in cash in a bedroom drawer.

Rackley pulled the car off the road and drove a short way into the woods. He had arrived at the prepared spot.

Leaving the corpse in the car he took a shovel from the trunk and hastily commenced digging a shallow grave about 30 yards away. "Two or three feet will be deep

enough," he thought. "It's just as hard to see something two feet underground as two hundred." In five minutes the job was done.

It was quite dark and he didn't dare use a flashlight for fear of it being seen along the road. So when he got back to the car he didn't realize at first that the body was...missing!

A stifled gasp escaped him. It was impossible! Pinero had been quite *dead*. Somebody must have *removed* the body! But who? No one could possibly have come along while he was digging, for he would surely have heard *something*. Quickly he pulled his gun and whirled, flattening his back against the car so that nobody could get at him from behind.

Only a few feet from his face a weird spot of light suddenly materialized. For an instant he thought it a firefly but the next moment the intensely burning particle expanded...taking the shape and features of a human face!

"Pinero!" he shrieked. "But y-you're...dead!"

Suddenly two other spots of light appeared...lower! In a paroxysm of helpless fear Rackley gazed hypnotically at the growing pools of light...forming into arched hands!

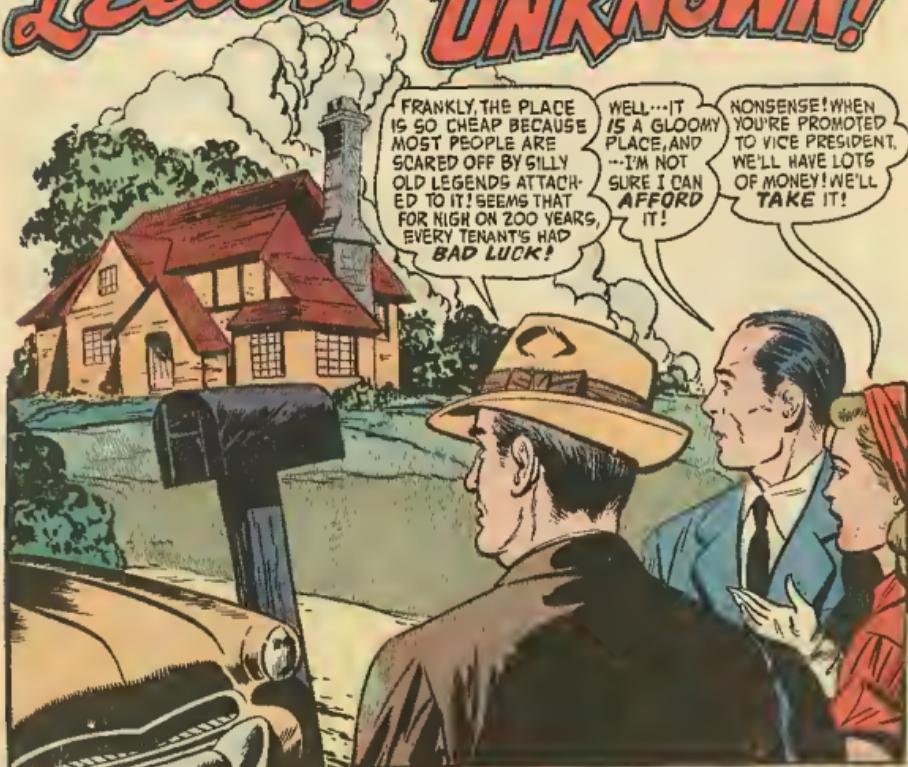
Only when they were around his throat did the apparition speak, holding its glowing face pressed close to his.

"You laughed at my powers, fool," it intoned in a terrible voice. "You didn't believe that I had supernatural powers and wizardry garnered from a lifetime of study of the great *Unknown*! For that, and for my personal revenge...you must die!"

There was a short, ghastly death rattle, and Rackley's limp body fell to the ground. An instant later a weirdly glowing figure could be seen carrying the corpse of the killer...to the wet, shallow grave!

DESTINY DECREED A BIG CHANGE IN THEIR LIVES---AND THE MYSTERIOUS HAND OF FATE WROTE SLOWLY...

# Letters FROM THE UNKNOWN!



**1** ROGER FORGOT THE INCIDENT GOING TO NEW YORK  
ON THE TRAIN...BUT WHEN HE ENTERED HIS WALL  
STREET OFFICE...

ROGER! YOU LUCKY  
STIFF! REMEMBER  
THAT RAFFLE WE ALL  
TOOK? WELL, YOU WON  
...A CADILLAC!

ME T A...A  
CADILLAC?  
GOSH, I WAS  
NEVER LUCKY  
BEFORE!

**2** BUT MORE SURPRISES WERE IN STORE FOR  
NIM!

WELL, JENKINS...THIS  
IS REALLY YOUR LUCKY  
DAY! THE BOARD OF  
DIRECTORS VOTED TO  
PROMOTE YOU TO 6TH VICE  
PRESIDENT...WITH AN AMPLE  
RAISE! WHY NOT CALL UP  
THE WIFE AND TAKE THE  
AFTERNOON OFF...  
YOU DESERVE IT!

TH-THANK  
YOU, SIR...  
THANK  
YOU!

...AND THAT'S WHAT  
HAPPENED? ISN'T  
IT WONDERFUL?

ROGER, I...I'VE  
GOT A HUNCH!  
MEET ME AT  
THE RACETRACK!  
WE'RE GOING TO  
BET THOSE HORSES  
THE LETTER  
SUGGESTED!

**3** AT THE END OF THE 7TH RACE...

WE...WE WON!  
HILDA, THAT'S  
SEVEN IN A  
ROW!

YIPEEE! I  
TOLD YOU!  
LET'S BET  
IT ALL ON  
THE LAST  
RACE!

B-BUT, HONEY  
...ALL?

BET IT,  
YOU WEAKLING  
...BET IT!

**4** AND  
SO...

WE DID  
IT? WE  
DID IT!

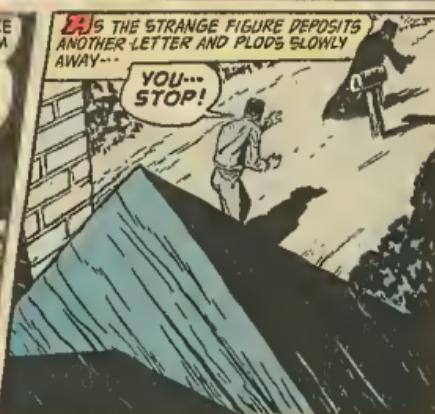
ROGER,  
WE'RE  
RICH...  
RICH!

THAT NIGHT, LAVISHLY  
CELEBRATING...

YOU KNOW I  
AM!...YOU KNOW,  
I FIGURE THAT  
LETTER WAS INTEND-  
ED FOR THE PEOPLE  
WHO LIVED IN THE  
HOUSE **BEFORE**  
US! THEY MUST'VE  
HAD UNDERWORLD  
CONNECTIONS...AND  
I GUESS ALL THOSE  
RACES TODAY WERE  
FIXED IN ADVANCE!







FAREWELL, ROGER JENKINS! WE MEET AGAIN... **SOON!**

NO WAIT... **WAIT!**  
MERCIFUL HEAVENS,  
HE'S **DISAPPEARING**!  
THE LETTER HE LEFT... **I'VE GOT**  
TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS!

NO, IT CAN'T BE... **IT MUSTN'T BE!**

HILDA! WAKE UP... **WAKE UP!** WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE... **NOW!**

UH... WH-WHAT'S... **WRONG?**

*This is your unlucky... and last... day!*

**AS THE STORY BROKE BREATHLESSLY FROM HIM...**

I'M DOOMED, I TELL YOU... **DOOME!** YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT THING'S **FACE!** IT WAS HORRIBLE, GHASTLY!

STOP WHINING YOU FOOL! YOU'VE HAD A **HALLUCINATION**! NOW GO TO SLEEP... WE CAN TALK IN THE MORNING!



**THIS EYES WERE TIRED, AND HIS SENSES BEFOGGED WITH FEAR! BUT WAS WHAT HAPPENED... INEVITABLE?**

“TWO HOURS LATER...



“BUT MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...



“RIO DE JANEIRO...



“THIS IS THE LIFE, HONEY--- MONEY, GLAMOR, AND OODLES OF FUN! WAIT'LL I KNOCK THOSE HANDSOME LATINOS FOR A LOOP IN THIS GOWN! BABY, YOUR FUTURE'S SOLID GOLD!

“WRONG, HILDA--- YOU HAVE NO FUTURE!

“Y-YOU! WH-WHAT---DO YOU WANT? YOU'RE DEAD... STAY BACK!

“NO, HILDA---I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU ANYMORE! THIS IS HOW MY FAITHFUL WIFE MOURNS ME---BEFORE MY BODY IS COLD IN THE GRAVE!



“ROGER... LISTEN! I DIDN'T CAUSE YOUR DEATH---I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!

“NO, HILDA---WE ARE BOTH GUILTY! I HAVE PAID THE PENALTY...

“...AND NOW YOU MUST!



“THE END!



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# The PHARAOH'S RUBY

ONE OF THE WEIRDEST OF TALES OF CURSED JEWELS CONCERN'S THE ENORMOUS RUBY WHICH WAS FOUND IN THE TOMB OF HAAKEN-ISHTAR IN 1896...

GENTLEMEN, I WOULDN'T VENTURE TO SAY HOW HEAVY THIS GEM IS... BUT IT'S CLEARLY PRICELESS!

INCREDIBLE! NEVER IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE HAVE I SEEN ANYTHING TO MATCH THE PERFECTION OF THIS STONE! I PREDICT IT WILL BE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS!

FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE SCIENTISTS HAD RE-ENTERED THE TOMB...

GOOD HEAVENS... THEY'RE TRAPPED! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!

FINE! WELL, WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO OUR WORK!

RRROARY!

THE RUBY WAS TAKEN BY CARAVAN TO ALEXANDRIA AND PLACED ABOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR ENGLAND! BUT WHEN THE CARAVAN ATTEMPTED TO RETURN TO THE TOMB SITE, ONE OF THE WORST SANDSTORMS IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY STRUCK WITH HURRICANE FURY!

FIVE DAYS THE WIND BLOWS... WITHOUT SIGNS OF ENDING! FOOD AND WATER...NEARLY GONE! WE ARE... DOOMED!

ABOARD THE S.S. KENSINGTON FIVE DAYS AT SEA...

AT LEAST MY COLLEAGUES DID NOT DIE IN VAIN! THE RUBY IN THE SHIP'S SAFE WILL WIN THEM A PAGE IN THE ANNALS OF ARCHEOLOGY!

YOU'RE WANT-ED ON THE BRIDGE, CAPTAIN! THE BAROMETER'S FALLING... FAST!

72 HOURS OF UN-RELIEVED HAMMER-ING BY MIGHTY WAVES... AND THE KENSINGTON SPRANG A LEAK! DIS-TRESS CALLS WENT OUT... THE LAST EVER HEARD FROM THE SHIP!

S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.

YEARS PASSED BEFORE SCHOLARS PIECED TOGETHER THE VARIED ASPECTS OF THE MYSTERY! THE CALAMITOUS EVENTS HAVE COME TO BE ATTRIBUTED TO THE MYSTERIOUS AGENCY OF THE PHARAOH'S RUBY---NOW LYING IN THE BATTERED HULK OF A SHIP ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN!

THE END!

"TO THE LIVING IT WAS A CHILDISH FANTASY,  
BUT ITS REALITY CAME AS A BURST OF  
TERROR...AN INEXTRICABLE FORCE THAT  
DREW THEM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE  
STEAMING BRINK OF..."

# THE BUBBLING PIT



BANG BANG  
ARG-HHHHHH  
BANG!



THE PRISONER'S FAMILY MAY CLAIM THE BODY FOR BURIAL. SERGEANT! IF THE NATIVES SHOW ANY SIGN OF OPEN HOSTILITY, YOU HAVE THE USUAL ORDERS FOR IMMEDIATE SUPPRESSION! IS THAT CLEAR?



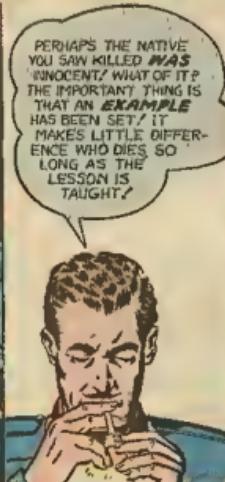
THEN, AS THE GRIM-FACED COMMANDANT CROSSED THE COURTYARD...



MY JOB HERE AS AN ENGINEER DOESN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO SOUND OFF, BUT YOUR BROTHER'S METHOD OF JUSTICE IS THE GREATEST SHAM I'VE SEEN YET! THAT NATIVE NEVER HAD A CHANCE! HE WAS A DEAD MAN BEFORE THE TRIAL BEGAN!



QUITE TRUE, MARIE! IT IS MY WAY AND ONE WHICH AN AMERICAN WOULD HARDLY UNDERSTAND! IT IS THEIR NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC TO FAVOR THE UNDERDOG! TO ME, IT IS RIDICULOUS, INEFFICIENT!



BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR A LONG FACE, MARIE! REMEMBER, TONIGHT IS THE RECEPTION BALL AT THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE! IT WOULDN'T SPEAK WELL OF ME IF HIS EXCELLENCY SAW YOU IN A DEPRESSED STATE!



BLATE THAT SAME EVENING, AS DUSK GATHERS, A GROUP OF NATIVES BEAR THE SLAIN PRISONER TO THE EDGE OF A BUBBLING, HISsing PIT...

NEAR US, GREAT BELIOR, IN OUR HOUR OF NEED... AVENGE WITH WRATH THIS BLOODY DEED.



AS THE INCANTATION COMES TO AN END, THE SOLEMN-FACED NATIVES HURL THE BODY INTO THE HISSING, VAPOROUS DEPTHS!



THE GREAT BELHOA HAS HEARD! HE SENDS FORTH HIS MESSENGERS!



AVENGE US, GREAT BELHOA!

LATER THAT EVENING... THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION...

THAT GIRL, YOUR EXCELLENCY! THE ONE PAUL KEEPS DANCING WITH! WHO IS SHE?



FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I AM IN THE DARK AS MUCH AS YOU! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHOSE GUEST SHE IS, BUT I REALLY SHOULDN'T OBJECT! SHE'S QUITE A BEAUTY AT THAT!

FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME, WON'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE? I COME TO THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION EXPECTING A DULL TIME, AND THEN I FIND YOU... A VISION OF LOVELINESS, BUT A MYSTERY!



I SAID I WOULD REVEAL MY IDENTITY... AT THE PROPER TIME!

BUT I MUST KNOW NOW... I'M NOT GOING TO RISK YOUR SLIPPING OFF! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M SERIOUS?

YES, I SEE THAT... YOU ARE QUITE SERIOUS!



THEN WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

LOOK CLOSE, COMMANDANT! GAZE DEEP INTO MY EYES AND YOU WILL HAVE THE ANSWERS YOU SO GREATLY DESIRE!

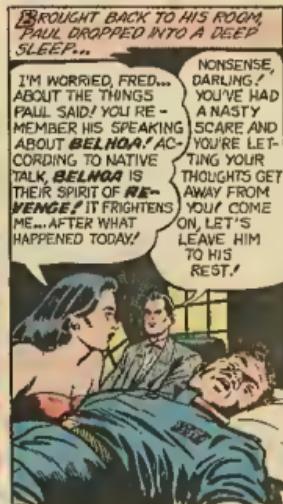
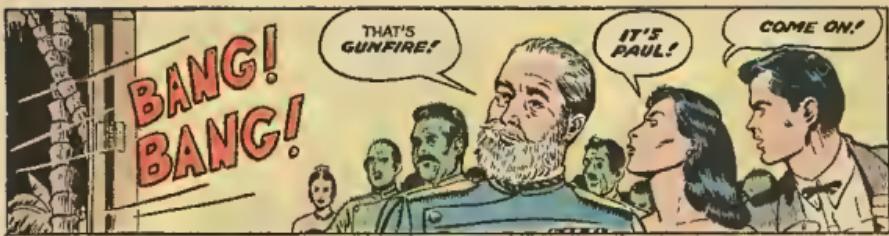


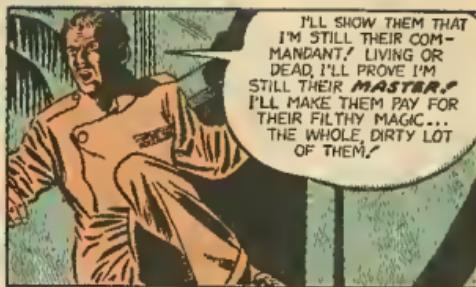
AND AS THE MOON SLIPS FROM BEHIND THE SCREENING CLOUDS...

OH-HH!

HA HA HA!







...AND THEN HE INSISTED THAT I OPEN THE STOREROOM! HE REMOVED A LARGE QUANTITY OF DYNAMITE... KEPT SPEAKING ABOUT THE **BUBBLING PIT**! HE WAS WILD, I TELL YOU... NEVER HAVE I SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE!



MEANWHILE, THE DEMENTED MAN RACES TOWARDS HIS OBJECTIVE...

OPPOSE ME, WILL THEY? I'LL SETTLE THEIR PIT, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



AND WHEN FRED AND MARIE REACH THE FOOT OF THE INCLINE ...



SECONDS LATER...

# BARFOM

HE'S DONE  
IT! DOWN, MARIE  
...DOWN!

CURSE YOU, BELHOA!  
I AM THE COMMANDANT... AL-  
WAYS HAVE BEEN, AND ALWAYS  
WILL BE! TO OPPOSE ME IS  
TO BE DESTROYED!

BUT IN A FLASHING INSTANT, THE  
MOCKING LAUGH DIES ON HIS  
PARCHED LIPS...

I HAVE...  
WAIT!  
IT IS  
IMPOSSIBLE!  
IT CAN'T  
BE!

DON'T LOOK,  
DARLING...  
PLEASE.

IT...ISN'T  
REAL!  
NOTHING BUT  
SMOKE AND  
STEAM!

AHHH-HHH

OH, FRED,  
HE'S GONE!  
PULLED...  
INTO THE  
PIT...

IT WAS  
BELHOA,  
FRED! WE  
SAW IT...  
BOTH OF  
US!

YES, DARLING,  
BUT HIS WRATH IS  
SPENT! WE'LL  
NEVER SEE HIM  
AGAIN!

THE  
END

# From YOUR EDITOR - to YOU!

WELL, SUMMERTIME IS rapidly drawing to a close; vacations are either over or in progress. Before very long all of you will be back at your jobs, either in business or at school. We sincerely hope all of you have enjoyed yourselves this summer.

"*Forbidden Worlds*", however, never rests. That's not to say that we don't take vacations like everybody else, but the work goes on. Every day our research staff has to go through the voluminous reports which come in from everywhere, attesting to strange and eerie doings which lie outside the range of natural phenomena. Our artists have their particular problems, too. Ever try going through a huge library to find a single authentic portrait of a medieval sorcerer? Try it sometime. It'll give you a slight idea of the problems our men face every day.

But all of the work is done gladly, and with intense enthusiasm. We are old fans of the supernatural, and nothing makes us happier than to realize that our ardor is shared by hundreds of thousands of others.

We're particularly proud of our current issue. "*The Ant Master!*" is a thrilling tale; born in the trackless jungles of Brazil, and holding a menace as terrifying as any you've ever encountered. We hope none of you ever receive "*Letters From The Unknown!*" For an awesome account of the unfathomable mysteries of the Beyond, don't miss this fearsome tale! There's more to recommend "*The Bubbling Pit!*" than the smash climax. As a gasp-laden tale of earthly crime and unearthly punishment, you'll go far before you find an equal. As for "*Deity of Death!*", it's guaranteed to hold you spellbound!

That's our opinion. What about yours? Nothing makes us happier than mail from our fans, because your expressed wishes are the basis of our editorial policy. So why not join the thousands of others who have written to The Editor, "*Forbidden Worlds*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York. We'll print your comments as soon as we have space! And now, let's hear what some of our readers are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I think '*Forbidden Worlds*' is the best comic on the counter...

--Andrew Romano, Newark, N. J."

"Dear Editor:-

I sure loved the psychological background of the story 'Land of the Living Dead'. Add another reader to your '*Forbidden Worlds*' list.

--Walter O'Daniels, Bronx, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I have read '*Forbidden Worlds*' and I can say earnestly that I enjoyed every page of it...

--Ramon S. Young, Columbus, Ga."

"Dear Editor:-

I have been reading '*Forbidden Worlds*' for a long time, and I think your stories are terrific. Vampire yarns especially.

--Norwood McBee, Travelers Rest, S. C."

# DEITY OF DEATH

Jim Cullen stood at the crossroads of Destiny! Already he had yielded himself to the will of ZENI--ancient god of murder, carnage, and death! Now his SOUL hung in the balance--and the life of the girl he once loved.

LET HER BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF OUR CULT! STRIKE--  
STRIKE!

NO,  
JIM--  
DON'T!

HE WAS A POOR YOUNG WRITER --- GROWING INCREASINGLY DESPERATE --

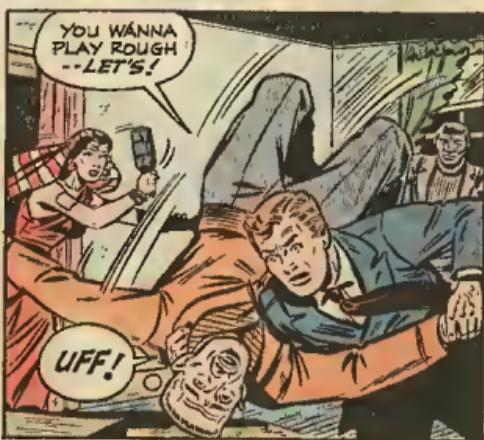
WE'LL NEVER AFFORD TO GET MARRIED, RUTH. THE CRITICS LIKED MY LAST BOOK--BUT THE PUBLIC'S NOT BUYING WAR NOVELS!

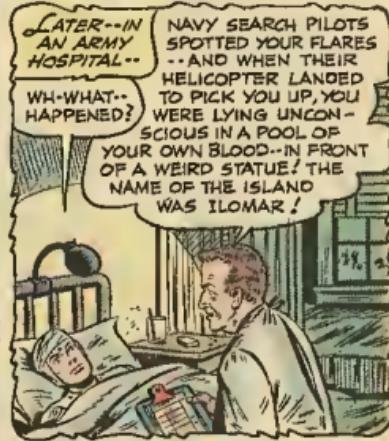
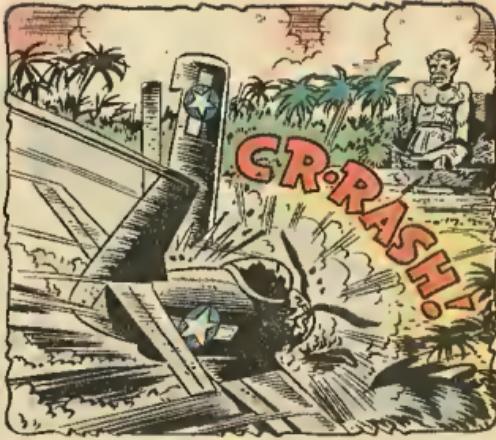
WE DON'T NEED MONEY, JIM -- NOT AS LONG AS WE HAVE EACH OTHER!

YOU'RE CHANGING, JIM--YOU'RE BECOMING TOO INTERESTED IN WEALTH!

IT'S ONLY THAT I WANT THE BEST FOR YOU, HONEY -- AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE IT--SOMEHOW!







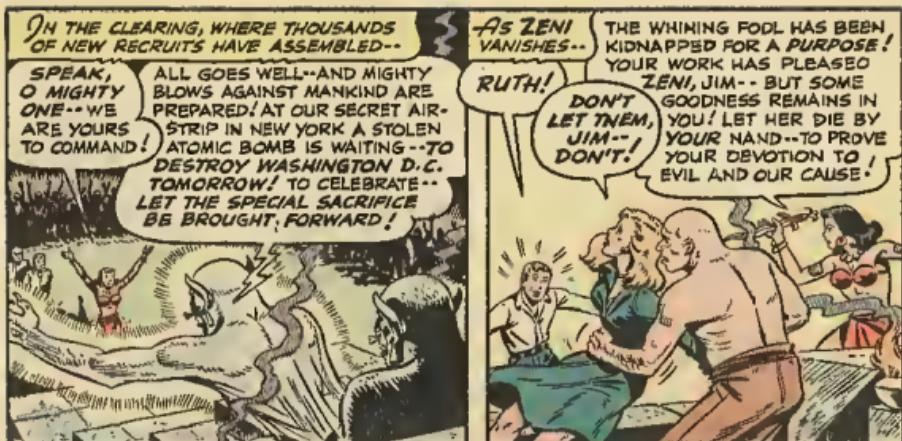
I AM KURRELI--HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE CULT OF ZENI, GOD OF VIOLENT DEATH! LONG AGO COUNTLESS THOUSANDS WORSHIPPED HIM IN THESE ISLANDS--OFFERING A HUMAN SACRIFICE DAILY! BUT AT LAST, ONLY A FEW REMAINED FAITHFUL TO HIS DIRE CODE OF EVIL--HERE ON THE ISLAND OF ILOMAR!

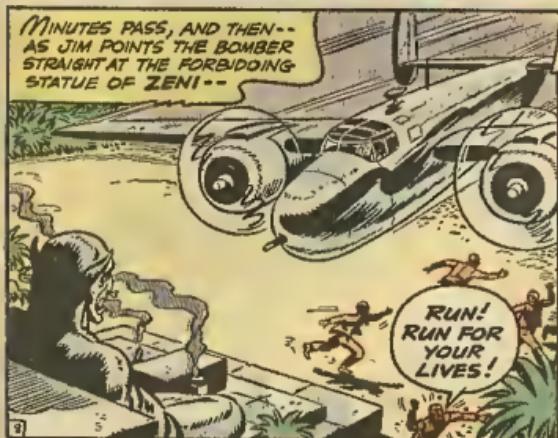
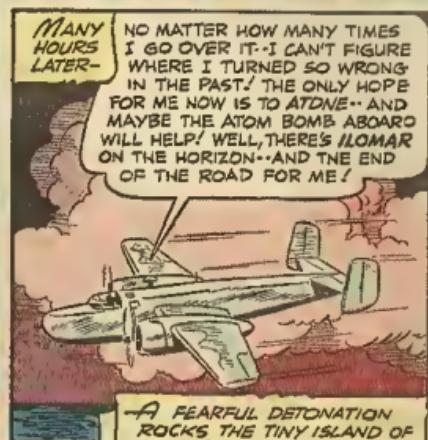
DURING THE WAR WE SCATTERED, BUT WHEN WE RETURNED MY POWERS WERE GONE--WHICH MEANS THAT SOMEONE PROPERLY OF OUR CULT WAS NOT PRESENT! HE WHO SHEDS HIS BLOOD BEFORE ZENI'S IMAGE IS !! AUTOMATICALLY A FOLLOWER!! YOU DID, DURING THE WAR-- AS WE LEARNED WHEN YOUR BOOK WAS PUBLISHED! NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?











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9



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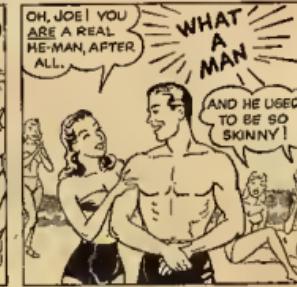
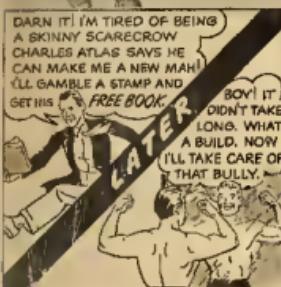
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Note: You may send full price if you wish.



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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